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LADY MORGAN'S ITALY.

SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LOMBARDY.

The society of Milan, before the French revolution, was confined to the royal palaces (where the archduke and duchess displayed a "luxe bourgeois," rather than a princely state) and to the *salons* of one or two ladies of the highest rank. The great break-up of interests, opinions, and habits, consequent upon that event, dissolved all ties of ancient usage. The separation of principles produced a division of families; or, if the two generations continued beneath the same roof, their circles, distinct as their politics, became circumscribed as they were select. Assemblies gave way to little coteries of persons, whom sympathy of opinion united in despite of disparity of rank and inequality of fortune.

Whatever society yet remained, was no longer confined to the aristocracy. The sale of national property, and the activity which the bustle, civil and military, of the revolution, infused into commerce and manufactures, called forth the middle classes; and equipages now appeared on the Corso, which, though destitute of supporters, and undazzled by coronets, eclipsed those of the high and unchanged aristocracy, who, unable to compete with their new rivals, withdrew almost entirely from the contest.

The new system of education of both sexes, and the new doctrines of so large a portion of society, multiplied still further these primary sources of division. Formerly, the females were taken from the hireling nurse to the cloister of a nunnery; where, to learn their rubric, and work Adam and Eve in tent-stitch comprised the sum total of their acquirements; too happy, if more than one of each family revisited a world, to which some suitable alliance, negotiated by interest-

ed parents, could alone restore them. The sons were given up in early boyhood, by the family chaplain, to a monkish college, where their minds were involved in bigotry, as their persons were disfigured by the monastic garb; and where pedantry and priesthood,

"Placed at the door of learning, youth
to guide,
Have never suffer'd it to stand too wide."

POPE.

Of the younger sons, the major part remained to swell the ranks of the "church militant;" the rest came forth from the cloister, to hang in idle dependance upon the patronage of primogeniture, or to earn a more degraded subsistence, as *cavaliere-servante* to some wealthy dame, whose wane of charms threw her on the paid attentions of the noble, but destitute *cadet*.

The abolition of all monastic institutions, the reformation of the universities, the establishment of female schools, the military conscription, and the great political convulsions of the last twenty-five years, stamped a new impress upon the rising generation, and drew a line of demarkation between the sons and their parents, which it is impossible to efface.

In some vast suite of the noble Milanese *Casa*, with floors of stone and walls of fresco, a disorderly anti-room leads to the stately and dreary apartments occupied by the heads of some illustrious and ancient family, whose name, degraded by titles received under Spanish viceroys or Austrian governors, once probably shone bright and untitled in the pages of republican history. Here the circle of ceremony is composed of a few *dowagers* of both sexes, who come to play TAROCCHI, discuss the merits of the ladies of the *Biscotini*,^{*} and talk over the

* Many of the old nobles of both sexes belong to religious confraternities. "Le dame di Biscotini," is one of the most fashionable. It is a society of females, who found their hopes of saving the soul upon little *douceurs*, calculated to pam-

per days of LA BEATRICE. To these occasionally is added some Austrian noble, high in office; or some ex-militaire, the beau-garçon of the garrison, when the prince *Belgioioso* was the king at arms of fashion. The *habitudes* of the house are usually the ancient *cavaliere-servante*, the domestic chaplain, (who combs the lap-dog,* and attends the Contessa to mass and vespers, with some popular preacher of the *Oblati*, or ex-prior of the reviving order of *San Pietro Martire*; both sure of a cover at the dinner-table, in return for their daily reiterated fulminations against the sacrilege, impiety and disloyalty of an age, which has unfrocked monks, abrogated privileges, and rendered domestic chaplains, and cavalieri servanti, less than the exclusive masters of every menage).

The mornings of these genuine *vieilleries* of the worn-out system begin with a visit *in form*, from the Signore Sposo, to the Signora Sposa, while she takes her chocolate, at

per the body; and paddle about among the poor with baskets of cakes, which their penitents are content to swallow in conjunction with their doctrines. The Padre da Vecchi, a Barnabite, was the "agreeable rattle" of this coterie.

* Such are the duties ascribed to the domestic director in "The Chaplain," an exquisite piece of satirical humour, written in the Milanese dialect, and in high vogue when we were at Milan. It is in the form of a poetical advertisement for one of these *animals*, and describes in a most ludicrous strain of irony, the qualifications expected from this patient scrub of a noble family. The Milanese assert, that there is an indescribable charm in the light poems written in this dialect, quite untranslatable.—"The FUGITIVO," by Signore Grasso, is particularly cited as full of poetical merit; and little poems are daily issuing forth in that most popular dialect, which it would be difficult to print, and is not always safe to circulate. A young man was taken up for *circulating* a sonnet, while we were at Milan; after a few weeks imprisonment he was set free; but it was not even proved that he had circulated the poem—the suspicion was enough, and his friends had no redress.

the toilette: their grown or married sons or daughters are then permitted to kiss her hands, and retire with the performance of the ceremony:* devotion succeeds, and the noble *devotee* spends her morning at church, or in the duties of some religious confraternity, to which she is sure to belong. An early dinner is followed by a funeral drive to some of the least frequented portas; a visit of ceremony fills up the *prima-sera*, and prayers and cards conclude the day.

Meantime, it is probable, that the young, active, energetic heir and his family, begin their day in another suite of apartments, in the same palace, as the best description of people of fashion commence it in England. He is in his library or dressing-room, answering the letters of English manufacturers, of the heads of Lancasterian schools, or of celebrated mechanists, from whom he expects a steam-boat or a gas apparatus; thence probably he proceeds to visit his horses, (often brought from England) and snatches a drive in his tilbury, or a gallop in the outlets; cautious to be in time for the early dinner at the *other side the house*, unless engaged to the five o'clock dinner of less shackled friends, who live without the restraint of paternal bondage and antiquated habits. His lady, on the other hand, having paid her devotions at her neighbouring church, is cultivating in her French boudoir, the talents first called forth in the *pensionnat* of Madame de Lor, receiving friends, or driving to the hotels to visit foreign travellers recommended to her notice. After dinner, the *prima serat* is devoted

to a few formal visits of family ceremony. Then comes the Corso, and after that the opera-box, her seat of empire, and throne of power.

In this disposition of time, there is no hour left for the evening rout of London, or more enjoyable *reunion* of Paris; both are unknown at Milan. The Milanese are aware, that their house, if open to such indiscriminate society as must make up a crowded assembly, would forward the views of that fearful espionage, which, not unknown under the Bonapartists, has now become the bugbear of Lombardy. Besides, it would not suit the rigid habits of parsimony for which the Milanese were always notable, and which still govern the elder nobility; while for the younger branches, who only assemble to make love, or talk politics, the *crocchio ri tretto* of the opera-box, or the Caffè, are fully adequate to all such purposes.*

and the Opera. The carriage of the visitant having driven to the foot of the great stone stairs, which invariably opens into the court, the porter replies to the simple question of "*La Signora Marchesa, or Contessa?*"—"*In Casa?*"—*at home*, or literally, *in house*.—At the door of the anti-room, one of the camerieri meets and conducts the stranger through a long suite of rooms, (each dimly lighted by a single lamp) until the sitting-room of the lady is entered: this we generally found elegant and well lighted. The visit is necessarily short: and a servant, with a large wax flambeau, re-conducts the visitor to the carriage.

After the Opera, the ladies return home, and the gentlemen adjourn to the Caffè, and form select groups for conversation and play. There is one house of this description, which remains open all night, and has not been once shut for twenty years. The Austrians have their own Caffè, and when they venture to frequent others, it rarely happens that some dispute does not take place between them and the disbanded officers of the Italian army. Duels are frequently the consequence; nor are the Austrians slow to give such provocations as render such an event inevitable. Of such a provocation, I was myself a witness. A very young Milanese nobleman had mounted a pair of moustaches, with which he was inoffensively parading the Corso, when an Austrian attacked him, and declaring he had no right to such a distinction, seized him by the offending ornament. The young man, who was notoriously timid, flew to the archduke, who had just alighted from his carriage and was walking with his suite, and complained of the insult: the arch-

In marking the distinctions which separate the nobility of Milan, as much by difference of feeling and opinion as by years, it would be unjust to pass over one great quality incidental to all ages and classes:—political independence! The elder branches of the aristocracy who opposed the revolution in Italy, from attachment to legitimate royalty, did not merely stand aloof from the various republican governments which levelled their rank, and lessened their fortune; they remained equally strangers to the splendid court of the viceroy of the kingdom of Italy; and though devoted to the house of Austria, they have in most instances declined to accept those high places in the restored court of its prince, which they held in the days of their favourite *Ferdinand and Beatrice*. They have very generally pleaded their infirmities, or their twenty years habits of retirement and indolence, and have refused to resume honours and offices for which they could not give positive services.

Those of the Italian aristocracy who embraced the revolution, and those of the young nobility, who were permitted by their fathers to accept of places in the late government, or who were educated in its military and scientific institutions, have sought no court favour since the restoration, and have obtained none. There is scarcely one office under the present government filled by any Italian gentleman of rank or consideration; and the want of confidence in the ruler, is justified by the open and frankly avowed aversion of the ruled, to a government which has violated every promise, and broken every pledge. This no-

* The old *noblesse* are obliged by the law of the land established by the French, and not yet abrogated, to an equal distribution of their wealth among their children. Their hostility, however, to those of their sons whom they suspect, or know to be opposed to the present government, has, in some instances, induced them to elude the law, by leaving considerable sums in the hands of the directors of their consciences, to say, or have said, a certain number of *masses* for their souls. A friend of ours was cut out of the will of a rich female relative, for having visited England; for one of the surest signs of revolutionary principles, is a passion for travelling and improvement.

† The most fashionable time of paying or returning visits is between dinner

and supper, apparently as frightened as the youth, retreated to his carriage, and left the Corso. The Count Bubna, obliged by the rank and connexions of the injured party to notice the affair, placed the officer in arrest in his own government-house, where he received visits from all the Austrian party. On getting out, he again attacked the moustache, and a cousin of the insulted boy challenged him. On the field, the Austrian insisted on fighting with the sabre, of whose exercise his adversary was ignorant. The consequence may be expected: at the first blow he disabled him, and persisted in cutting and hacking the unfortunate man, so that he hardly escaped with life, and will remain disabled to the end of his existence.

ble adhesion to a principle, or to a prejudice, in opposition to temporary interests, is not peculiar to the Milanese. It is to be found in almost every state of Italy, and makes the glory of this long oppressed people, who under every favourable occasion justify the reputation they once enjoyed, and prove what noble native qualities have been suffered to rust under the neglect of governments, and the misrule of dulness.*

It is curious and painful to oppose to this disinterested loyalty, in whatever cause it embarks, the notorious veerings of that privileged class in France, for whom, and for their ignoble imitations, the term *Girouettism*, has been invented. How many of the *ducs et Pairs*, and marquises and barons, who deserted their country in her exigencies, under the plea of loyalty to one dynasty, eagerly availed themselves of the *Erasure* which permitted them to return, and seek the favour of another. These are they whose names echoed in the circle of Marie Antoinette, whose persons lined the anti-rooms of Napoleon, and whose eye sued for notice from Louis *le Desire*. These are they who with a proud disdain of independence, born in slavery, seek to die in harness; and who, fluttering their meanness or their infirmities through the salons of the Tuilleries, to snatch a ribbon, or urge restoration of a title, are *too* happy to be permitted to scramble to the garrets of the royal palace with any epithet of servitude, with which power may please to notify their baseness.—These are the true *weathercocks*, which, as Dante described,

“ Non furon rebelli,

Ni fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se stessi.”
The class which immediately suc-

ceeds the high aristocracy, under the name of *Cittadini*, (once a noble distinction in Milan, for which feudal princes sued,) includes the whole of the liberal professions, the small landed proprietors, and even a sort of little nobility, which with the title of *Don* or *Donna*, prove the rank of their family to have originated with the Spanish power in Lombardy. Between this class and the aristocracy there was formerly a barrier, which none passed without the penalty of *loss of cast*. The late republican government cut through it boldly; and the emperor Napoleon treated the Italian prejudices on this score with ineffable and avowed contempt. He drew to the court of the viceroy, all whose wealth enabled them to meet the expenses of representation, or whose respectability and talents entitled them to consideration. There was in this levelling law, (it is said.) an *arrière pensee* conformable to certain vulgar notions in favour of female beauty, in whatever class it was found. Some of the handsomest women in Lombardy are in that class, where beauty, both moral and physical, is best developed, by the necessary exercise of the frame and faculties in the performance of natural and indispensable duties:—and Buonaparte never inquired into the genealogy of *her*, whose eye and smile brightened the circle, and whose bloom and lustre outshone the *heir-loom* diamonds, that sparkled on the dowager brow of hereditary nobility. With this large well-educated and most respectable class, it is extremely difficult for foreigners to become acquainted. The nobility of Italy now, almost exclusively, do the honours of the nation. The *cittadini* keep back in dignified reserve, under the consciousness of the revived disqualifications, which legitimate restoration has imposed on them. They

“ Must be woo'd,
And not unsought are won.”

I trust, therefore, I may be forgiven the vaunt of having known many members of that class, who, if they could not

“ Boast a blood
That crept through scoundrels ever
since the flood,”

united those high personal qualifications, and prepossessing graces,

which are the indelible marks of nature's nobility—a nobility acknowledged even in regions where the important sounds of “high and first transparencies,” excellencies, eminences, and *Notlazomahuitztespixcatzin** are unknown.

Since the restoration of the *old order of things*, the classes and casts of feudalism have fallen back into their ancient positions. The court closes its barriers against all but the first, pure and undefiled nobility, whose quarterings would of old have entitled them to the “*entre*” of the Escurial. The excluded nobility, justly annoyed at this new frolic of self-willed sovereignty, applied to withdraw from the *Casino nobile*, of which they no longer considered themselves entitled to be members. The court, however, have interfered, and processes are actually before the tribunals to compel the directors of this establishment to receive their resignations.†

The untitled lady, who marries a noble, does not take the rank of her husband; and the noble dame, who

* “ Notlazomahuitztespixcatzin” is (says M. Humboldt) the title of respect given to the priests of Mexico.

† We had the honour of being presented at the Casino, on our arrival at Milan, by one who is its most distinguished ornament. We were struck with the urbanity and indiscriminate politeness, with which strangers were received, whatever might be their country or known political principles. The Casino is supported by subscription, and particularly attended on *Fridays* (the *Sunday* of Italy,) the only night when there is no opera. The ladies go *en demi toilette*; cards, billiards, and lounging, fill up the evening. The suites of rooms are numerous, but ill-lighted and gloomy; upon the whole, however, it is a resource, where no private houses are open, and every one has the air of saying, with the English traveller, “ On s'ennuie très bien ici.” A superb palace was decorated for the Casino dei Signori, or middle class, when we left Milan; and many of the nobles were canvassing for the honour of belonging to it. The *cittadini* have also a musical society, from which I have been assured, that a certain member of the Milan Commission, of execrable memory, was excluded by unanimous black beans. To the honour of Milan be it recorded, that from the moment the nature of his commission transpired, this person was not admitted in any house save to those notoriously attached to the Austrian interest.

stoops to share the fortune of the cittadino, likewise loses cast. An edict of a Spanish viceroy, in 1630, enacted, that none but a noble should drive his carriage on the Corso; and though some few ignoble carriages do yet appear there, no lady of rank dares contaminate her dignity, by walking among the groups which have no place in Lombard heraldry.

The government, which has found the aristocracy of Milan so restive and averse to other measures of antique restoration, has met no very obstinate resistance to the revived distinctions of rank. The female noblesse form the pretorian guard of revived pretensions to hereditary consequence; and even while they laugh at German formalities, and Spanish etiquettes, have no objection to shelter themselves under the strict injunctions of government. Many of the beauties who shone in the late viceroy's court, are banished, under the imputation of *bourgeoisie*, from the circle of the imperial presence; and the marchionesses and Countesses shake their corsetted heads, and confess that the Austrians are not *always* in the wrong, and that the possession of

"D'assez beaux yeux pour les yeux de province."

are not the sole requisite qualifications for going to court. In many instances, however, the male nobility, though they now affect to call the *cittadini*, "*i signori*," the gentlemen, are not averse to perpetuate intimacies formed under other principles of government. Eyes also have been found in the second class, which have set aside by a glance *imperial orders of council*; and hearts of thirty-six quarterings have deserted the box of the duchessa, to nestle in a *paleo* of the third tier, where all was of an inferior class, except the beauty and wit of its occupants.

Of the ladies of Milan of both classes it is but just to say, that they are eminently distinguished by nature; their beauty is full of grace and expression, and there is an intelligent vivacity in their manner, which marks the promptitude with which their fine organization has responded to liberal and improved institutions. The naïveté of their Milanese idioms gives to their

French* (which is generally) and to their Italian (which is *occasionally* spoken,) a peculiar and spirited charm, which, if it be not mistaken for wit, is always characterized by originality. Public and national affairs arising out of their interests as Italians, and their feelings as wives, mothers, and mistresses, are their favourite subjects of conversation. They discuss the relations of their own country, with respect to the general position of Europe, with ardour and patriotism; sometimes with a freshness, the result of fine instincts tending invariably toward truth; and always with an energy, approaching, perhaps, almost to vehemence. This, while it marks their sincerity and enthusiasm, shows that the forms of a long-established society have not yet dictated the quietude of *bon ton*, nor pitched the voice to a conventional tone of prescribed and modulated softness. No where indeed does the Italian voice breathe on the expecting foreign ear, the melting melody, ascribed to the

"Idioma, gentile, sonante, e puro," and the Italian language roared in Lombardy, squeaked in Florence, and screamed in Naples, is no where that music of the imagination, which falls from the delicious cadences of Petrarch and Metastasio; save when it is spoken by *Roman*, or lisped by Venetian lips.

The ladies of Milan, well acquainted with the classic poets of their own country, and with some few modern productions of fashion-

* "Les différentes nations qui vinrent successivement s'établir en Italie, conservaient toutes quelque chose de leurs langues. De là vient cette diversité des dialectes que l'on y remarque." Muller, v. 2. p. 223.

French is spoken with great purity by the Milanese. Their *u* is the *u* of the French, the great stumbling-block of the Southern Italians in French pronunciation.

Italian is only spoken when strangers from other parts of Italy are present, and Milanese is the language of familiar life with all classes. To speak with the Tuscan accent is supreme *mauvaise ton*, and savours of vulgar affectation. The young lady, who, fresh from her visit to Florence, indulges in the Italian accent, is technically said to speak "*in punto di forchetta*." This recalls the Irish gentleman's reproach to his *Anglicised* son, "Can't you say *PAYS* (peas) *LIKE A MAN?*"

able popularity, or political interest, have not yet made a decided progress in literature. Obliged, as good Catholics, to obtain permission from the pope to read any thing beyond a missal, or a legend,* they have at once to encounter the restrictions upon intellect, imposed by the licensed interference of the priesthood, and the apprehensions of being accused of "*facendo la literata;*" and this consciousness frequently induces those who read much, to conceal all. One good result arises from this apparent absence of literary cultivation; there is no literary pretension—of all pretensions, the most insufferable and insipid. In Milan, no ductile dulness meanders in the warm track of periodical criticism; no "*slip-shod Sybil*" of the middle class of life *toutes* the sentimentality of rank with the scraps and leavings of Albums and guide-books; and no "*lively ducre*" of fashion, led by some *Corypheus* of blue-stocking celebrity, issues edicts of approbation or dislike, and proves

"Qu'une sotte savante est plus sotte,
qu'une sotte ignorante."

If, however, penal codes formerly existed, and are now again rigidly enforced against the cultivation of female intellect, impulsions have been given to the taste and talent of the women of Lombardy never to be silenced; and I have myself too many proofs of their genius for epistolary composition, to doubt

* A married lady of high rank in Lombardy informed me "she had obtained leave from the pope to read what book she pleased, provided she read nothing contrary to the interests of the church or government."

A young lady of the cittadini class informed me she was passionately fond of reading, but had no books. I offered her a novel of Madame Cottin's; after looking over it wistfully for some time, she said she had better not take it; for her confessor, or, as she called him, "Nostro Vicario," was very particular as to what book she read—adding that "an Austrian officer having lent her the life of a certain Signor Mahomet, her vicar would not let her read it—Perchè credeva nostro Vicario che non era Cristiano quello"—(because our vicar believed he was not a Christian.) This was like the wording of the Royal Censor on the Translation of the Koran, published in Paris: "We certify that this work contains nothing against the Christian religion, the government of France," &c.

that those who are now prevented from reading books may be fully capable of writing them, and of adding to that stock of elegant and refined literature, which it peculiarly belongs to the taste, tact, and sensibility of women to enrich and improve. But impediments are now thrown in the march of mind, with which genius of whatever sect or calling is doomed for the present to struggle. To retrograde, not to advance, is the order of the times; to dull, and not to brighten, their policy:

"And sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway."

SISMONDI'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

One of the most remarkable works lately published, is the *Histoire des François*, by J. C. L. Sismonde de Sismondi. Parts I. and II., comprising the national history from the 4th to the 10th century, under the Merovingians and the Carlovingians, 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1517. The name of the author stands so high in the literary world, from his History of the Italian Republics, his History of the Literature of the South of Europe, and other works, that it is of itself sufficient to cause the reader to expect something distinguished, and there seems no reason to apprehend that the "History of the French" will subtract any thing from the reputation M. Sismondi has already acquired. We shall probably, on a future occasion, give an analysis of this work; at present we confine ourselves to extracting a few passages from the introduction, the whole of which is well worthy of attentive perusal.

"It has been a frequent subject of complaint, that the history of modern nations is less known to us than that of Greece or Rome; that we do not so well comprehend their policy and the development of their institutions; that our sensibility is less excited by their recollections than by those of antiquity. Modern history, it is said, inspires but a feeble interest; and notwithstanding the repeated efforts of those who desire to retain it, it almost immediately escapes their memory * * * We may, I think, state generally, that the great cause of the coldness of the history of France, and of al-

most all modern histories, is the want of truth; of that complete, unreserved, unbiased truth, which is found only in the histories of antiquity. No modern history is absolutely free from those obligatory falsehoods, those conventional flatteries, those respectful reticences, which destroy at once our confidence in the historian, and our understanding of the events which he relates. The religion and the policy of the state, those two grand levers of human society, have never been approached with entire frankness: historians have never ventured openly to attach blame wherever they thought it deserved. Even those writers who dared to attack the church or the monarchy, have veiled accusations, often exaggerated, under protestations which were no less false. Their declarations of respect were to mark their aggressions; they seemed to reckon on their readers not taking all their words literally; and they have exerted much ingenuity in depriving themselves of the character of sincerity, which is, of all others, the most essential to those who desire to be listened to. The slavery of the press has not alone hindered those who have written history from telling the truth as they had seen it and knew it to be. The authority which is ascribed to past times, has disfigured historical criticism, by rendering it subservient to every party, and to every kind of ambition. Many great writers have not hesitated to distort facts, in order to sanction, under their guarantee, opinions which they would have ventured to lay down in theory: many others have fancied they saw in the past, every thing which they desired in the present. They have sought in history the rights of the present generation, and not examples to serve posterity as guides; they have applied to past ages for the limits of the prerogatives of the throne, or those of the liberties of the people, as if nothing could exist now but what had existed formerly; and truth has suffered, because all parties have disfigured ancient events, to convert them into arms in favour of new pretensions."

The author, stating his view of the true object of the study of history, viz. to collect from it all the lessons which experience has given, and not

the titles which force or fraud may have acquired, proceeds as follows:

"It is not thus that history has been considered in France; writers have always attempted to render it subservient to establishing the rights either of the kings, of the dukes and peers, of the parlements, of the prelates, or of the people, instead of investigating the errors of every species of power, to avoid them in future. Men, no less ingenious than learned, have, on this occasion, done violence to all facts, in order to bring them to the support of their own theories. Boutain, Villiers, Dubois, Montesquieu, the Abbé Mably, and, in our days, more than one party writer have sought, in the ancient monarchy, titles for what they regretted, or what they wished to establish. They would have considered the facts with more impartiality; they would have represented them in truer colours; they would have sacrificed less to the spirit of system, if they had never forgotten, that an ancient practice does not prove a right, and that the past ought to enlighten, but does not bind us."

M. Sismondi adverts to other causes which have induced historians to deviate from the truth, such as "the partiality which most historians have imposed on themselves as a national duty, fancying that their patriotism commanded them to be the advocates of the nation and its princes, and to show, in spite of the testimony of foreign historians and of subsequent events, that all the kings of France were good or great men; their armies always victorious, and their people (except when they threw off legitimate authority) always loyal and happy. To dissemble the faults of the government is, in the historians, still more imprudent and criminal. In collecting national records, we should think less of the reputation of the dead than of the advantage of the living. Clovis, Philippe le Bel, or Louis XIII. will not suffer by the reproaches cast upon their memories; but the sufferings which they inflicted on their contemporaries will be renewed for us or for our posterity, if we do not learn by their example what perfidy may be allowed to false piety, what crimes may be hidden under the cloak of policy, what cruelty may be the consequence of a single weakness; if

we do not see in all, the abyss to which absolute power leads." * * * M. Sismondi gives an eloquent sketch of his own views of the task which he has imposed on himself; and expressed his firm resolution to adhere to truth with the most conscientious scrupulousness, without regard to any system or party, or, as we may express it in the emphatic language of our own tribunals, "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Finally, he declares, that following the advice formerly given him by the celebrated historian, John Muller, his work was commenced and finished from the originals of contemporary writers, and that it was not till he had exhausted them, after having formed a judgment without bias, without desiring to see one system prevail rather than another, without labouring to collect proofs in favour of his own opinion (for it arose from the knowledge of the facts, and did not precede them), that he had recourse to late writers.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVING BRITISH POETS.

By Leigh Hunt.

[From the Examiner.]

NO. 3.—THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

The intention of this series of articles is, literally, to give sketches of the principal features of the living poets, as an artist might sketch those of their faces. We may be led away to do more; but we are not yet well enough to speculate upon it. Our wood-cuts and our paper-cuts are just meant to be worthy of each other.—With respect to the former, we give them only where we can feel assured of the likeness. There is none, for instance, to the article before us; but one will appear to the next; and so on, as it happens, through the whole series. If we do not notice the living poetesses, Miss Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, &c. it is not because some of them (the ladies just mentioned, for instance) are not eminent writers; but because, to say the truth, we are afraid of entering so wide and delicate a field—so luxuriant a crop of sensitive plants: and even our list of poets must be reduced as much as possible, or the task would be enormous. We have, therefore, confined it to such names as have received

the only sanction, which has a right to put a stop to a wider admission; we criticise none but those, whose publications would excite an unequivocal curiosity among the lovers of poetry as soon as they appeared.

To begin then, with proper alphabetical wisdom, at the letter B; and as the French would, say at the interesting Bowles.—Mr. Bowles is the son of a clergyman of a Wiltshire family, by a daughter of Dr. Gray, author of *Memoria Technica*. A late memoir of him, though written upon a very courteous principle, has not been able to tell us the date of his birth; but in 1776 he was sent to Winchester school under Dr. Warton, the critic on Pope; and afterwards went to Trinity College under the Doctor's brother Thomas, the historian of English poetry. He attracted much notice from both these ingenious men. In 1797 he married the sister of a lady, with whom he had formerly anticipated a similar union, and whose death he has lamented in his sonnets; and about 1803 was presented with the rectory of Bremhill, in Wiltshire, where he has since resided. It appears, that the zeal of some dissenting preachers in his neighbourhood, has excited him to laudable efforts of counteraction as a minister; and he performs his part also in the county as a magistrate. His leisure time he amuses, like Shenstone, with cultivating his garden, and sentimentalizing it with inscriptions. The engraved portrait which has appeared of Mr. Bowles is, we understand, not like him; but they say he has something better in his face: and by what we have otherwise heard of him, he appears to be an amiable man, who has no more business with controversy than the sparrow on his house top.

Mr. Bowles is a poet of that minor branch of the school of Collins and Gray, which was set up by the Wartons, and which is rather negative than positive in its departures from the artificial system which they opposed. It feels its way timidly into nature, and retains most of the common-place dressing in versification as well as fancy. Critics, partly from the natural progress of change, and more from the new track of reading into which they were led by inquiries into the old drama, had begun to feel that

Pope was overrated as a poet. Collins, who was a man of genius; Gray, who had a genius reflected from Greece and Italy; and the Wartons, who may be said to have had a taste for genius, all contributed, in their several degrees, to unsettle the notion that poetry was a thing of wit and breeding about town. But the first, whose temperament was morbid and over sensitive, was confessedly awe-stricken at the new world he had re-opened;—Gray, whose most original powers lay on the side of humour and the conversational, wrote exquisite centos rather than any thing else, and reminded us at least as much of the scholar as the poet; and the Wartons took up the same cause, more like amiable disciples, accidentally and easily impressed, than masterly teachers who knew the depths of the question. To be bred up therefore in the *Warton* school was to become proselytes and proselytizers, a little too much in the spirit of young men educated at a dissenting college. There was more faith than works, and an ungenial twist to the controversial. Mr. Bowles came a little too soon. He was helped to his natural impulses by the critics, instead of to his critical by nature. It remained for the French revolution to plough up all our common places at once; and the minds that sprang out of the freshened soil set about their tasks in a spirit not only of difference but of hostility. But more of this when we come to speak of Mr. Wordsworth. As to poor Cowper, he stood alone, "Like to the culver on the bared bough." The same misery which rendered him original in some things, made him too feeble to be so in others. He was alone, not because he led the way, but because he was left on the road side. His greatest claims are higher and more reverend things—claims on another state of existence; and we trust they have been made up to him.

The reader may now guess the nature of Mr. Bowles' poetry. It is elegant and good-hearted, with a real tendency to be natural, but pulled back by timidity and a sense of the conventional. Talking much of nature, it shows more of art, and that art too more contented with itself than it might be, for one that is so critical upon art in others. No

man, however, with a heart in his body, and any poetry in his head, woos nature for nothing. Mr. Bowles' most popular publication is his Sonnets, written during various excursions which he took to relieve his mind under the loss of his first love. They were his first publication, and whatever he or others may say, they are his best. They were his first love. There are good passages scattered here and there in his other works, but even in those we think we can trace the over-flowings of this earlier inspiration. The rest is pure, good-natured common-place. He had real impulses and thoughts upon him when he wrote his Sonnets. His other works rather seem to have been written, because he had a reputation for writing. He may even boast, as we believe he does, and ought, that his Sonnets connect him in some measure with the greater sources of living genius; for Mr. Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, has recorded the effect they produced upon him in youth, when we understand he and Mr. Lamb used to go spouting them up and down the cloisters of Christ's Hospital. We will quote two of them, and wish we could quote more:—

Written at Ostend, July 22, 1787.

How sweet the tuneful bell's responsive peal!
 As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
 Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
 So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
 And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
 And now, along the white and level tide,
 They fling their melancholy music wide;
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall
 Of summer days and those delightful years
 When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
 The mournful magic of their mingling chime
 First wak'd my wondering childhood into tears!
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
 The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

—
At a Convent.

If chance some pensive stranger bither led,

(His bosom glowing from majestic views,
 The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape's hues),
 Should ask who sleeps beneath this lonely bed—
 'Tis poor Matilda!—To the cloister'd scene,
 A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came,
 To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the flame
 Of fruitless love: yet was her look serene
 As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle:—
 Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend
 Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
 And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!
 Now, far remov'd from every earthly ill,
 Her woes are buried, and her heart is still.

The public have since been used to strains of "higher mood." But let many of them recollect what they once admired. Is it nothing to have written such verses as these, mixed as they may be, at a time when it was rare to express emotion so naturally? Men cannot be every thing which it would be fine in men's eyes to be. Even poets cannot add a cubit to their stature, but are such as times and circumstances, as well as nature, make them. If they have any thing at all in them of a gift so uncommon as poetry, they ought to be grateful. Petrarch expected to be admired by posterity for his Latin epic poem, and has prefaced even his sonnets with an apology; yet his sonnets have been like bells for the whole earth to hear; while who knows any thing of his epic? Mr. Bowles should not trouble himself with odes and heroics, any more than with town matters and great tables. His forte, to use an Irish pun, is his piano. He belongs to quiet and the shade; and if he would write some more sonnets out of his real unsophisticated feelings, (we would not quarrel about their being legitimate as to rhyme) he might rival the best fame of the Costanzos and Casas of Italy.

Above all, being what he is, an elegant sonneteer and an amiable country clergyman, he should never meddle with critical controversy, nor even with the morals of Pope. Though a clergyman, he has too much good nature to visit other men's differences in moral opinion

with severity in his heart, and he should not effect to do it in public; especially when those men, whether great poets or not, were greater men than he is and quite as good. It is beneath him to put on airs as a clergyman, which he does not affect as a man.

As to the controversy, which lately brought him so much before the public, it has been completely settled by an article in the *London Magazine* for last June.

Rosario, a Tale. By Napolon Buonaparte. Translated from the French. London, 1821.

[From the *London Literary Gazette*.]

This story of Rosario, contained in a brochure of thirty-one pages, is affirmed to be the genuine production of Napoleon Buonaparte, and the following n't incredible explanation is given of the circumstances, which led to such an exercise of his inventive powers:—

"Buonaparte, during the first year that he was emperor, was accustomed to pass his evenings in the society of his wife and her ladies of honour; here he amused himself by relating different stories, the immediate product of his own imagination; and was never so pleased, as when he could alarm or agitate those around him by his recital. The expression of his countenance was most striking, and every passion was so faithfully depicted on it, that he who had once heard him could never forget it. The present tale was one of his favourite productions. Madame de Bemuzi, who heard him relate it, committed it to paper the same evening, preserving as near as possible, the same sentiments and the same expressions."

"It will be difficult, perhaps, to make the world believe, that he, at whose name surrounding nations tremble, and whose time ambition claimed the greatest portion of, should dedicate any part of it to the occupation of a novelist;—the only answer that can be given to the sceptic is, that many are still living who could fully attest the fact."

Be this true or fabulous, the tale is one which, it may be believed, a person of Napoleon's cast of mind would tell upon an occasion such as is here alluded to. It has its foundation in that sort of superstition by which alone he was infected; it

is in its progress wrought up with considerable power to affect the auditors; and its termination is of that abrupt and inartificial kind, which might be expected from an Improvisator who had fulfilled his design of agitating his hearers, and, not caring for any thing further, came to his conclusion without ceremony or regard to consistency. A novelist-writer, would in all probability have taken especial means to render the catastrophe more decidedly dependent upon the Fates, than, as in this instance, it is on the mere will of the principal actor. But to the text:-

"At the period (we will fancy Buonaparte said,) to which this tale relates, little else was spoken of at Rome; but the extraordinary talents of a famous sorceress.—Every one was anxious to hear her predictions, and either from curiosity or weakness, all classes resorted to her for her divinations.

"Fabricio, a young Italian nobleman, felt a great desire to consult this prophetess, and wished that Rosario, his most intimate friend, should accompany him; the latter, rather of a weak and timid character, at first refused, not choosing to try the experiment; he feared to see this prophetess, lest he should place any faith in her divinations; and it was not without considerable difficulty, that this indefinable feeling was overcome, or that Fabricio could persuade him to accompany him. The day at length was fixed on, and they departed. Having arrived at the house of the sorceress, who lived in a certain street at Rome, the door opened of itself, and after passing through many apartments, without meeting any object, they at length found themselves in a gallery, at the end of which hung a large curtain, with the following inscription written on it:-

"*If you wish to know your fate, pray, before you pass this curtain.*"

"Rosario was much agitated—he threw himself on his knees, unconscious of what he did, and already seemed to feel himself under the influence of some mysterious power. After some moments of consideration, the two friends drew aside the curtain, unsheathed their swords, and penetrated into the sanctuary.

Here appeared a beautiful young woman habited in black—her figure was remarkable, and the extreme penetration of her countenance forbade the eye of curiosity to fix itself on her; she addressed some questions to the two friends, but was particularly occupied with Rosario; she spoke to Fabricio, but not with the same interest. In the mean time, the latter begged his friend to leave him, and he was immediately alone with her. After a short conversation, he returned to Rosario, and found him sunk in deep meditation—he laughed at him, and begged him to be assured, that he had heard nothing terrible; that the sorceress had predicted that he should be married to his sister, (this marriage indeed had been decided on, between the families of Fabricio and Rosario,) and though some little accident might retard it, still it must take place. Rosario, as though urged on by some invisible power, went into the apartment of the sorceress. Fabricio, during the time, walked backwards and forwards in the gallery, until on a sudden, he heard a dreadful cry, and distinguished these words—*Murder, sacrilege, blood, and violent death;* he immediately returned to his friend, and found him on his knees, at the feet of the woman! who shook over his head a bloody wand—he ran towards him—he hurried him away; but in vain questioned him concerning the scene. Rosario, pale, and almost motionless, was incapable of answering him. They at length reached home, and after some hours of unbroken silence, he told his friend that the sorceress had predicted to him, '*immeasurable love, sacrilege, murder, and violent death.*' Fabricio was horror-struck; but not daring to seek any further, lest he should distress his friend more, he determined to see the prophetess again, and to know why she had made this dreadful prediction; he went to her house, but it was deserted—all had disappeared, and not a trace of her remained.

"Some weeks had passed away, and the marriage of Fabricio was preparing. Rosario seemed more calm, and the following day was fixed on for its celebration; when the marquis of Osino, the father of Rosario, fell from his horse, and though he was not severely wounded,

became so ill, as to oblige the parties to retard the ceremony. Rosario, his sister the beautiful Rosaura, and Fabricio, were all lamenting this unfortunate event, when the latter, suddenly calling what had passed to his recollection, exclaimed, 'The prediction of the sorceress is accomplished.' Rosario, on hearing these words, was exceedingly agitated, and from that day, chiefly confined himself to his own apartment; he avoided all society, save that of one man, a respectable monk; this man, whom he had chosen, was allowed to visit him at all hours, and long conferences passed between them, which no one could interpret the meaning of.

"Fabricio, occupied with his love, had not seen Rosario, who seemed to have forgotten all the world, and lived in utter seclusion. The day at length arrived, when Fabricio became the husband of Rosaura; but Rosario appeared not—he was nowhere to be found—his father and his desolate family remained for a whole month in this wretched state of uncertainty, when the marquis of Osino received the following letter:

"My Father; spare yourself all vain pursuit—it is useless that you should endeavour to change my determination. I renounce all claim to your property. Rosario is dead to the world. Believe me, it is sadly repulsive to my heart thus to forsake and abandon you; but a horrible destiny has rendered it unavoidable. Adieu—forget your

"Unhappy
"ROSARIO."

The victim of superstitious terror retires to a convent of Dominican friars, at Messina, and at the end of a year's novitiate, assumes the religious habit, and becomes dead to the world. His eloquence, however, causes him to be appointed a preacher, by the Superior Montalte, and the fame of his discourses spreads far and wide.

"The festival of the convent was near at this time—the king of Naples arrived with all his court. Rosario was appointed to deliver the panegyric on St. Thomas, the patron of the convent. Great preparation was made—the day arrived—and an immense multitude filled the church. Rosario, with great difficulty, pushed his way through the throng to reach the chair. At this moment his cowl

fell down, and discovered him to all, when he heard these words, 'Heavens! how handsome he is!' Greatly astonished, he turned round, and saw a beautiful countenance, whose eyes were fixed on him with a rapturous expression—a few moments sufficed to disturb the future existence of these two beings. Rosario reeled to his place, and having delivered his discourse, he hastened away, and immediately shut himself up in his cell. But every thought was centered in the image of her he had seen; he found sensations springing up within him, that he had never felt before; he became agitated, and sought in vain for repose; he believed that he had only begun to exist from the moment he heard the accents of that enchanting voice—beyond this all was void. Alas! he dared not think of the future; his destiny was irrevocable.

"Every morning he went to read mass; every morning, in the same place, he saw a female veiled; he conjectured who it was; he desired not to see her again; he knew the necessity of avoiding her—but *this veil* is not hers; he dared to fix his eyes on it; he followed all her motions; he perceived the beating of her heart—his own throbbed in return—too weak to be exposed to danger; he feared to examine himself; he wished not to know the truth. His life became restless and changeful; he existed but for some minutes of the day; for the remainder, he seemed lost to all worldly things. He was determined, however, to fly, if she should be there on the morrow. This resolution being formed, he thought himself more calm and happy. The morrow arrived; he returned to the church sooner than ordinary; no person was there; the mysteries of the service began. Rosario scarce knew what he did; she appeared not; her chair was unoccupied. He approached it when the congregation had retired, and perceived a book of prayer lying on it. Ah! it must be her's; she has forgotten it—he hardly dared touch it; he opened it, however, and saw inscribed on the first page the name of Theresa; he assayed to pronounce it; he did so—in the sound there seemed a spell that attached him to her—'Theresa! Theresa!' he repeated, whispering, as though fearful of being heard; he still re-

mained alone; an hour had passed away; he saw her not there. Did she dare return? but days and weeks rolled on, and Theresa appeared not.

"Theresa, married to an old man, whom she loved as a father, felt herself happy in her duties; and the purity of her heart hindered her from anticipating any other enjoyments than those which she possessed. She saw Rosario, and lost her peace for ever. Theresa had an ardent soul; her first impressions ruled her future destiny. She adored Rosario; to see him, to hear him, constituted her chief happiness. Until now she had mentioned every circumstance to her husband; she had intrusted to him all her thoughts; but she had not, however, spoken to him of Rosario. This silence troubled her. She ought to reveal to him her fault; she knew it was necessary to absent herself, and had the courage not to revisit the church. Believing that she might soothe her feelings, she determined to have recourse to her confessor, and to make an entire acknowledgment to him. With this aim she decided on returning to the church of the Dominicans; she chose the hour when she knew Rosario would not be there. To avoid him, it was necessary to think of him, and perhaps *this duty* even was sweet. She approached the confessional; she threw herself on her knees, and mentioned all that she had felt since her encountering Rosario, on the feast-day of the convent; she spoke of her happiness in seeing him at the mass; she told also of her having had the courage to avoid him; but that this sacrifice was beyond her power.—'What can I do? Oh! my father, say; tell me, how ought I to act?' The tears ran down her cheeks; her agitation was extreme, as she described those feelings which had been so deeply buried in her heart. Scarcely had she concluded, when a terrible cry went out from the confessional, 'Wretched woman! what dreadful sacrilege!' said Rosario; for it was him that chance had brought there—he rushed forwards; he wished to fly; but Theresa arrested his steps; she threw herself on her knees—she seized his robe, and begged him not to curse her—she implored him for her soul's welfare; implored him for her love. Rosario repelled her, but repelled her

feeble; 'Theresa! Theresa!' said he, 'haste away; shortly I should not have power to resist.' At these words Theresa threw herself into his arms, and seemed to encircle him with her soul: 'Say—O say, Rosario, before I quit you, that you love me!' Alarmed and trembling lest he should be surprised, he answered to these endearing words; drew her to his heart, but swore for ever to fly from her; he exacted from Theresa the same promise—she consented to all that he requested—he loved her; she well knew how reciprocal the feeling was in her own breast—they at length separated.

"Rosario, now left alone, was alarmed at his own imprudence; he saw the precipice; he had not avoided it; his destiny was accomplished; he proved he felt this '*immeasurable love*'—the sacrifice had taken place—for he had pronounced his love in the same church where he had taken the sacred vows—true, he had sworn to fly, to fly for ever—strange caprice of feeling! that, which should have punished his heart, consoled him; but in this terrible conflict with love and duty, the unhappy sufferer has only choice of pain."

A dreadful struggle of the passions ensues in both parties: Rosario, in order to avoid his impending destiny, writes to Theresa that he has never loved her, and retreats within his cell. Theresa is brought to the verge of the grave by grief. She believed she was about to die; "she took a last farewell of all her family, who were heart-broken to see one so young, so beautiful, so beloved, on the verge of the grave: her husband adored her; he attached himself to her with a paternal tenderness; he saw that an unknown and secret wretchedness was drawing her down to the tomb; but he never once questioned her concerning it. He went to consult the Father Montalte, and begged him to send a priest, who might inspire Theresa with confidence. The father promised that the same evening one of the brothers should visit her, and administer to her the consolations of religion. He chose Rosario for this duty; gave him the address of Signor Mareschi, (the name of Theresa's husband) and charged him to exercise all his pow-

er in tranquilizing the last moments of an unfortunate fellow creature. Alas! what consolation could Rosario bestow; a victim himself to the deepest despair; he could weep, but but not console. Rosario departed, and, after a long journey, arrived; he was introduced into a chamber, but feebly lighted. Many persons surrounded a bed, upon which a female reposed; but they retired, out of respect to the Father, immediately that he entered. Alone, with this unknown person, Rosario was motionless; he could not advance, as a well known voice said, 'Father, refuse not your assistance to an unfortunate being, whose days must speedily terminate.' Scarcely had Rosario heard these words, when he knelt down by the side of the sick bed. 'Theresa, Theresa!' this name so dear to him, escaped from his heart. Who could paint their transports? There was no need of explanation—they loved. With what a melancholy enthusiasm did Rosario describe to her all that he had suffered, as he accused himself of being the cause of her wretchedness. 'Pardon—O pardon me,' he exclaimed, 'Rosario is thine for ever.' These soothing words re-animated Theresa; she had not the power to speak, but she saw him, she heard him, she clasped his hand; thus to die seemed delightful: how miraculous is the influence of love! Rosario embraced her in his arms; he wished to give his life to her; he drew her to his heart. 'Thou shalt live; for me thou shalt live; thy love is near thee; speak, Theresa; shall I never more hear thy voice?' Rosario thus addressed her, and Theresa recovered her power. 'I love thee, Rosario; I love thee.' All she valued was comprehended in these words; she had said all in this. How swift do the hours of happiness, such as these, pass away; but the certainty of seeing each other again, allowed them courage to separate. They said, 'We meet again to-morrow.' Oh! how happy were they in saying, 'to-morrow,' after such a long separation.

"Theresa's health became re-established; every day she seemed to have acquired new life; every day Rosario came to see her; their affection augmented; a sweet intimacy reigned between them. Rosario seemed to have forgotten his

scruples; occupied only with his love, he took care to afflict her no more; he saw that her life depended on him. All the thoughts of Theresa were so pure, that Rosario felt himself safe when near her. Two years had now passed away since he quitted Rome. One day he appeared more sorrowful than usual; Theresa pressed him to tell her the cause of his affliction; she always respected his silence, but she wished to partake of his sorrows; she felt it necessary to know them. Rosario related to her the terrible prediction made to him, and his flight from the home of his father. This recital awakened all his remembrance; and with terror he exclaimed these words, '*Love without measure, Murder, Sacrilege.*' Theresa was dumb; but these words, '*Love without measure,*' these alone her heart recognised, and when Rosario repeated with affright, '*Sacrilege, and Murder,*' Theresa answered, '*Love without measure:*' she thus believed to cheer him, to make him forget all besides; for to love was everything to her. Rosario, sometimes hurried away by the violence of his feelings, regarded her with such a wildness of countenance, that she dared not look at him; she became agitated; she trembled; an anxious silence succeeded these emotions; still they were happy; for they were still innocent."

Long, however, they could not remain so, and though the monk denounced "*eternal damnation*" on himself and his beloved, if they fell from virtue—fall they did. "Theresa, (writes the reckless Dominican) it must be, that you are mine, but you must compel me to think so: I should never have the power to abuse thy tenderness; but yesterday you saw that I could tear myself from thy arms; you never said, I wish to be thine: but think—we are lost to eternity. Oh, Theresa!—*eternal damnation*,"—these words make me shudder: they even come to disturb my peace, when in thy arms: for us there is no happiness remaining; death is our only choice; to-morrow, if you wish to see me again, (and you know at what price,) to-morrow, I say, send Carlo to the church: if he brings with him your prayer-book, Theresa, then you renounce me; but if he comes without the book, thou art mine for ever—

ever! that is the word of eternity, and I dare not pronounce it again.

"Adieu!"

"Theresa was distressed and alarmed at this letter: these words, *eternal damnation*," overthrew her soul; 'Rosario!' cried she, 'we were so comfortable; why was this happiness not enough for thee?'—Left to herself, she knew not how to decide, never to see him again. Oh! never, never—but to lose him. 'Oh! Rosario; why intrust to me thy destiny? Then I ought to sacrifice myself; she has courage to resist. Carlo, charged with the prayer-book, was ordered to place it on Theresa's chair. 'Haste, go quickly,' said she to him, and immediately secluded herself in her chamber. Rosario, since the day of his return, that day, when he had found Theresa so tender, had no further power to resist: more love, and even more remorse, must await him: for this state of rest and happiness was not sufficient: he was lost; he knew it; but notwithstanding the violence of his passion he could not decide to possess Theresa, if she did not compel him to be happy; violent as weak, he knew not how to resist, or to yield to his passions. He waited for Carlo a long time; the church was deserted; he saw him go to the chair of Theresa, and lay down the book. Rosario was no longer master of himself; he rushed forward, seized the book, gave it to the boy, and ordered him to take it back to his mistress. Rosario remained motionless, for a long time, on that spot where he had sealed the fate of himself and Theresa; he could hardly believe in what he had done; but presently recovering, he exclaimed, 'I will see her!' Theresa, overwhelmed with distress, had but one hope—to die! Without Rosario, life was insupportable. Carlo was announced to her; he gave her back the book, telling her that the Father Rosario had ordered him to do so; she who had renounced him, but for his own sake, went to see him again. This idea occupied all her heart; her emotion was extreme; every moment she believed she heard him; he had the key of the garden; it was from thence he would surely come; she waited for him; he at length appeared, but silent and sorrowful; his countenance cast down; he dared not approach Theresa; she com-

bended all that was passing in his heart; she who trembled at the thought of this interview, who had had the courage to refuse it, when she saw her friend so miserable, had the power to console him. She was no longer the weak, the timid Theresa: she went to him. ‘Rosario!’ she exclaimed, ‘I am thine. Oh, Rosario! thy destiny is accomplished—mourn; think of these words, *Murder, violent death!*’ The love of Rosario had become a phrenzy; apart from Theresa, his remorse distracted him; near her, he evinced a wildness of sorrow, that her most tender caresses could not influence. Theresa still loved him more; she mourned in secret, each change she saw in him; but she dared not complain; she was fearful of distressing him, of banishing him from her presence; she was encircled with her affection; she always hoped to make him happy, by his forgetting every other consideration but that o’ his love; but Rosario, so far from feeling her tender anxiety, accused her of all his misfortunes: ‘Thou hast seduced me!’ exclaimed he; ‘without thee my soul had yet been pure.’ He came less frequently to see her, and at length ceased his visits altogether. Theresa became more pre-emptory; she went regularly to the church; she wrote to him; he returned her letters, and never quitted his cell. Theresa now saw that she must divulge her secret to him; the *secret, alas! of a mother*. Great God! if he persisted in abandoning her, what would become of her; but she could not believe he would; she would implore him in the name of her infant: could he resist?

‘She learnt that the Friday following, Rosario was to officiate: for three months she had not seen him; she was determined to seize this opportunity. It was more than life now that she had to save. This reflection heightened her courage; an important project occupied her attention. Two days previous to that on which she should see Rosario, she employed in preparing for her flight; the convent on the sea-shore would facilitate her enterprise: she knew not yet where she should go. Rosario must decide on the path to be taken; and one fate having united them, what was the universe to her? She equipped a little vessel, and conducted

the undertaking with so much prudence and secrecy, that no suspicion was excited. It was no longer a young female who acted; it was a tender mother, who wished to give unto her offspring a dear father: her agitation and distress drove away all thought of the difficulty of her enterprise. The anxiously expected day arrived. Theresa placed herself near the altar: concealed under a long veil, Rosario did not recognize her: she watched all his actions, and at the moment the congregation was departing, she moved gently, near to a column, before which Rosario must pass as he entered the cloister: he approached and seemed to be more sorrowful: his arms were crossed on his breast, his head hung down, and his gait was that of a criminal. Theresa, moved by his grief, would have sacrificed her whole existence for his repose; but she was not alone; and this other innocent, who would soon require her duty, this day claimed a father. She came forward; ‘Rosario!’ she exclaimed, ‘stop, you must speak to me; you must hear me; I will not quit you till you have given me the key of the garden that is situated on the sea shore: it must be done, my life depends on it: Oh, Rosario; more than ever mine!’ Rosario seemed as though awaking from a frightful dream; ‘what sayest thou, unhappy one? fly from these walls;’ but Theresa threw herself on her knees, and declared she would not leave him until he had consented to her request. Rosario made vain efforts to escape; a supernatural strength animated Theresa; ‘Swear,’ she exclaimed, ‘swear that this evening at midnight we meet again.’ Rosario threw down the key: a light noise was heard; he departed; ‘at midnight,’ said he.

‘At twelve Theresa went to the gardens; the night was dark; she dared not call, for fear of being discovered; she heard a foot-step: ‘twas his! ‘twas Rosario!—‘What do you want of me?’ he exclaimed; ‘speak, time presses; I have but a few moments to remain here: pursue no more an unfortunate who cannot make you happy. Oh, Theresa, I love thee! Away from thee I anguish; I die; but near thee, I cannot bear up against my remorse; it poisons the most calm moments of

my existence; thou hast seen my wretchedness: often have I dared to accuse thee; pardon me my beloved one, pardon me. I have punished myself by my absence from thee; this sacrifice might expiate my crime.’ Rosario could say no more; he was suffocated with his tears; Theresa threw herself in his arms, consoled him, and pointed out to him a happy future: ‘Rosario,’ said she, ‘for myself alone, I would not have dared seek thee; but this pledge of our love commands us to live: you would wish to love your child; would you not, Rosario? Come, my friend, let us depart—all is ready.’ She drew him along. Rosario followed her in dreadful agitation: yet a few moments and they are united for ever. All of a sudden he disengaged himself from the arms of Theresa: ‘No!’ he cried, ‘Never!—and he plunged his poniard into her breast: she fell, and Rosario was covered with her blood: he looked wildly and vacantly upon her; the morning began to dawn; the convent clock had struck; he raised up the lifeless body of her he had so much loved, cast it into the sea, and hastening forward with a precipitate step, entered the church. Every one fled from him; his bloody vest, the poniard, which he still grasped with his hand, all attested the dreadful deed: he was at length seized; he made no resistance.—Rosario disappeared for ever!’

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]
 And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory.
 And Time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.
 Speak! for thou long enough hast acted
 Dummie,
 Thou hast a tongue—come—let us
 hear its tune;
 Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs
 and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame;
Was Cheopes or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?
Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sun-rise play'd?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.
Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation, A torch at the great Temple's dedication.
I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier mau'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun Long after thy primeval race was run.
Thou couldest develope, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green—
Or was it then so old that History's pages Contain'd no record of its early ages?
Still silent, incommunicative elf?
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But pr'ythee tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd?
Since first thy form was in this box exton'd,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations.

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.
Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror Cambyses
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thunders tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shoot the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?
If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd:
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?
Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.
Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guests be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

ENGLISH PRIDE.

[From the New Monthly Magazine]

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view

And learn to try false merit by the true.

STILLINGFLEET.

Yes—the English are unquestionably an unsociable people. I had frequently heard the assertion, but my mind rebels against taking things for granted upon the faith of others; and as I had not the means of deciding by comparison, I kept the point open for future judgment, as my Lord Chancellor is apt to do when he does not know what to believe. A residence of some months abroad has helped me to a verdict much sooner, and at much less ex-

pense, than I could have obtained it in our courts of law, which is my only consolation in making the reluctant confession, that the charge is unquestionably true. The gods have made me ratiocinative (you will not, however, suspect me of being a Scotchman, Mr. Editor, when I inform you that I resided for some months in that country after arriving at years of discretion); and I had no sooner discovered the fact than I proceeded to explore the causes of this English antipathy to communicativeness and good fellowship; which, after tracing them through all their ramifications and disguises, I found invariably converging in one little corner of the heart, inscribed with the word—Pride. Bruce was not satisfied when he bestrode the three streams whose union formed the Nile; he would still ascertain which was the highest and most abundant source from which the waters were supplied: and in like manner I pursued my researches until I found that the great Pride fountain from which the bitter waters of English reserve pour their petrifying influence, was the pride of Wealth. National pride—pride of birth—of rank—of talent—I had encountered in foreign countries; but this master-folly, which in England swallows up all the rest, appears to be indigenous to the soil, sharing that honour with its congenial products the crab-apple and the thistle. To a certain extent this feeling may have originated in the absolute necessity for riches, in a country where no man can maintain an establishment, or even move in circles at all elevated above the mechanical classes, unless he possess an income which upon the Continent would enable him to compete with half the nobility. Without this infallible proof of his gentility, he must subside at once into those profane ranks of the vulgar, which Horace abominated—a degradation to which the perpetually rising tide of prices, during the last war, condemned many an unpensioned old maid and respectable annuitant. It is a pity, undoubtedly, that this distinctive income should necessarily be fixed at so high a rate; but who will regret it when he reflects upon the accumulated glory of which our heavy taxation is so good a virtual representative:—when he calls to

mind, that by the great sacrifices we have made, we have been able to restore the Bourbons of France and Spain, and countenance the dismemberment of Saxony and Finland; while we have been only unable to keep our promises to Genoa and Sicily, or prevent the unjust enslavement of Italy? It is some comfort to the poor plebeian who cannot afford to be a gentleman, to throw the blame of his exclusion from polished society, and of our expensive modes of living, upon ministers; but the paltry distinctions, the jealous hauteur, the "meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust," the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, embittering the system of that social intercourse into which he is unable to gain admittance, are the faults of the people themselves, and may well reconcile him to his exemption from their influence. Let king, lords, and commons retain their respective pales;—we speak not in any spirit of anarchy or levelling; but we would laugh to scorn those fantastical shades of difference, by which the middling classes affect to regulate their intercourse, and which, however disguised, ultimately resolve themselves into that most contemptible of all prides—the pride of purse. Talents, virtue, powers of amusement, congeniality of disposition, all fade away before the irresistible attraction of a certain stile in establishment; and who can wonder that parties constituted upon this principle are uniformly stiff, stupid, and ceremonious? In assemblages of this sort, it sometimes appears to be a received maxim, that talking spoils good society; and its most distinguished members are apt to resemble Baron Grimm's friend, who possessed such a wonderful talent for silence.

There is scarcely a parish in England which is not divided into visiting classes, kept separate, with almost as rigid an inviolability as the castes of the Hindoos. The squire, the retired manufacturer or merchant, who inhabits the great mansion, looks around him for all the similar establishments within the limits of a drive or ride, and confines the honour of his acquaintance to those whose merits are attested by an unquestionable quantity of brick and mortar. He visits the house, not its inmates; and his mode of es-

timating their value, is not a whit less preposterous than that of the pedant in Hierocles, who, having a house to sell, used to carry about a brick in his pocket as a specimen. Next comes the class who, without arriving at the dignity of a park or a domain, have been fortunate enough to lay up a store of gout and ill health, by keeping their own carriages. They remember the proud exclamation of the Spaniard who fell in crossing his garden—"this comes of walking upon earth,"—and carefully abstain from noticing all such terrestrial animals. They compose friendships as Sir Richard Blackmore did his poems, to the rumbling of their carriage-wheels, and entertain a vague notion of Damon and Pythias, Pythades and Orestes, Aeneas and Achates, as gentlemen in easy circumstances, who duly went to call on one another in their own chariots, and scrupulously left cards if either happened to be out. In the third class are those petty dignitaries, who, as a line must be drawn somewhere, openly maintain the double resolution of only visiting where a man-servant is kept, and a shop is not kept. The former is the grand desideratum. It was once the fashion, says the author of the Tale of a Tub, for all the world to wear shoulder-knots? "That fellow has no soul, exclaims one;—where is his shoulder-knot?" Exactly thus do their modern imitators doubt whether a man can possibly possess a soul fit for their sublime notice, unless there be a tag, rag, and bobtail, flapping from the servant's shoulder. That Desdemona should "see the Moor's complexion in his mind," and fall in love with a black, they condemn as unnatural, at the very moment when they are perhaps attaching themselves to a blackguard, because they see a bit of gold lace upon his footman's collar. Last of all come the *oi polloi*—the *canaille*—the rabble—the lower orders, as they are termed, whose social intercourse, if not so refined as that of their superiors, is probably more productive of enjoyment by its freedom, unreserve, and exemption from all heart burning and rivalry. Knowing that "their miseries can never lay them lower," they exemplify the meeting of extremes, and prove that the only classes who taste the true comforts

of fellowship, are the few who are above jealousy, and the many who are beneath it.

Nor is this absurd arrogance by any means peculiar to the country; it exists in full force among the middling classes of London, particularly in the city, where, indeed, the virus of the disease might be expected to manifest itself with peculiar malignity. *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is there daily enacted with even more farcical pretension than Molière would have ventured to delineate; and I have often seen substantial citizens, after laughing heartily in the theatre at the representation of High Life Below Stairs, return home to perform, in their own persons, the very follies which they had ridiculed in their inferiors. Some of your readers, Mr Editor, may perhaps recollect an awful and august conclave of saltatory civic magnificos, who cycled themselves the City assembly, and held their solemn festivities beneath the appropriate roof of Haberdashers' Hall, deep in the labyrinth of some lane within lanes, whose name I have forgotten. It was the *Selectæ & Veteris* or rather the *Selectæ & Profanis*, of Cheapside and Broad-street; to be a member was the summit of civic ambition, and happy was the mercantile aspirant who could even get a ticket for admission once in the season. Upon the old principle, that to be sociable you must be exclusive, brokers and persons standing behind a counter were by the rules of the establishment, declared inadmissible, and many a long debate do I remember among these "potent, grave, and reverend signiors," on the important points, whether certain merchant-brokers of indisputable wealth came within the first exception; and whether bankers, though avowedly within the letter, were embraced by the spirit of the second. As Tyre, Sidon, Palmyra, and Carthage, have been swept away, we cannot so much wonder that the City assembly, with all its plums, diamonds, lord-mayors, aldermen, gorgeness, vulgarity, and pride of dunghill aristocracy has ceased to exist; or that its equally dull and narrow-minded rival, the London, has shared its fate. But their spirit survives;—"even in their ashes live their wonted fires," and the prostration of mind with which their

worthy descendants fall down before any golden calf, would have done honour to the worshippers of Baal. Walking lately with one of these gentry in the City, I was astonished at finding myself suddenly thrust out into the kennel, that we might give the wall to a pompous little porpus, whom my companion saluted with a profound respect "That," said he, drawing himself up with a proud consciousness of the honour he had received in being noticed, "that is Alderman Calypash; he is worth at least ten thousand a-year,—I am glad of it," I replied, "as but for that circumstance, he would not be worth any thing whatever." But who shall describe the anxious reverence with which he approached, or the cringing and crawling with which he attempted to win the eye of some high-priest of Mammon, some Crœsus of the synagogue, as we elbowed our way through Jews and Gentiles, to get a peep of him upon 'Change. "He is worth a million," said my informant, as soon as his feelings allowed him to give utterance to the tremendous word. "Be satisfied," I replied; "you are still richer, for you can afford a clean shirt." Among women, where wealth admits of more obvious manifestation by external signs, it attracts a deference equally unqualified, and I have often amused myself with following an expensively dressed female, and marking the effect of her magnificence upon those whom she encountered. On the faces of the more amiable of her own sex, I have read unaffected admiration of the display, mixed with some shadowings of regret that they could not, by an equally costly style of dress, participate in the happiness which they conceive to be its inevitable concomitant; but it must be confessed that the greater number of countenances expressed an angry scrutiny, that seemed to measure the value, per yard, of every lace and satin, while in the eagerness to depreciate that which they could not hope to rival, I have more than once caught mutterings of—"the veil is only a net lace after all;" or "the trimming of the pelisse is nothing but cotton velvet."

One would have thought it hard enough that the insatiable demands of government should consume so

much of our substance, and drink up the very life-springs of our hospitality; and certainly we might as well have had popery at once as the national debt, for it condemns us to as many fast-days without affording us any chance of absolution. It is a mill-stone around the neck of our social system; it compels us, like Dutch malefactors, to pump ourselves to death, that we may keep our heads above water; it has destroyed more good dinners than the worst cook in Christendom; it squats itself in the middle of our kitchen-grate, like a huge night-mare, and with one hand stops the smoke jack, while with the other it rakes out the fire;—it compels us to shut the door in the faces of our friends, that we may open them to the tax-gatherer. And yet, as if the bounds of joviality and companionship were not sufficiently circumscribed by this voracious monster, we must voluntarily narrow them still further, by acknowledging the supremacy of a new fiend—the *dæmon of Luxury*. Enjoyment of our friends' society was formerly considered the rational object of a dinner party; but you now invite them that you may exhibit your superior magnificence, and, by exciting their envy or anger, do your best towards converting them into enemies. Sir Balaam's frugal but substantial meals have been long exploded, and the reign of alternate fasts and feasts has been substituted:—servants and horses are half-starved, and friends wholly excluded for a month, that the doors may be thrown open for one day of emulous ostentation. I never sit beside a silver plateau, (too often a compound of meanness and vanity—a showy, but sorry substitute for solid fare) without fancying that I hear the grumbling of the numerous stomachs at whose expense it has been purchased; nor can I be easily brought to acknowledge the wisdom of either giving or receiving one grand dinner where there were formerly five pleasant ones. Here, again, is another pervading cause of the sullenness and unsociability of which we are accused;—conviviality is exchanged for competition—hospitality, unless it mean to finish its career in the King's Bench, must be frequently niggardly, that it may be occasionally gorgeous;—and the apple of discord is thrown down up-

on every table long before the appearance of the dessert. Tomkins refuses to visit Simkins, because the latter gives French wines, which he cannot afford to retaliate; and Higgins withdraws the light of his countenance from Briggs, because he never gives him a second course, although he always provided one for the said Briggs at his own house. Nay, so minute are these balancings and calculations, that they even take cognizance of fractional parts. "Excessively shabby of Mrs. Brown," I once heard a lady exclaim, "to give us a dinner of five and seven, when she had two courses of seven and nine at my house, and her party more numerous than mine too." Upon inquiry, I learnt that these accurate numbers had reference to the dishes with which the table was covered. All the infinite combinations of the kaleidoscope are produced by the same few materials; and on peeping into the heart of an Englishman, it will be found that all the disguises, changes, and varieties, of which we have been endeavouring to afford a partial glimpse, are but new modifications of the old element—pride. Misfortunes never come single. Taxation and luxury had no sooner laid their benumbing hands on our social system, than fashion introduced late dinner-hours; and these, as if to give the death-blow to all that remained of genuine unsophisticated sociability, exploded suppers. Suppers,—those unpretending, economical parties which could be often afforded, and yet never seemed to be sufficiently frequent,—those only meals to which women, by their continued presence, imparted a thousand charms, substituting the Muses and the Graces for the worship of Bacchus, uniting decorum with hilarity, compelling their male associates to forego the eternal discussion of politics and business, and condescend, for once, to be unanimous in the determination to be vicious and happy. Then was it that the song went round, and the hastily-prepared dance, doubly delightful because unpremeditated, afforded sufficient gratification to the most resolute votaries of Terpsichore, and yet allowed them to seek their beds in sober time, without injuring their health or encroaching upon the next day's duties. I am old enough to remember when these truly festive

entertainments were common as the flowers in May; and vulgar enough to regret the temperate bowl of punch which in many families was duly administered, when the party was not sufficiently numerous to justify more vigorous demonstrations of enjoyment. Routs, ices, and sour negus are miserable substitutes for these *noctes caenæque Deam*. They have passed away, and with them has fled the soul of all gallant and hilarious sociality.

Even in our domestic circles we resemble the asymptotical lines, which perpetually approach without ever effecting a complete union. We have little family cordiality after we become old enough to set up a pride of our own. Sons will not marry until they can maintain a separate establishment; they would hold it a degradation to bring their wives under the paternal roof; and as they cannot afford to gratify their anti-social feelings without considerable independence, many, of course, remain unmarried. Hence the number of profligate young men, and disappointed and unhappy young women inevitably destined to become old maids. In France, the married sons and daughters are frequently collected together in the large old family mansion; and in those patriarchal establishments I have often found a harmony and domestic happiness for which I have looked in vain in the disunited union by which the different branches of an English family are flimsily held together. By the arrangement that prevails abroad, the venerable parents of the society ensure solace and protection until they die, in the midst of their descendants; while in England their offspring fly from them one by one, until they are left in the utmost social need of their old age, lonely and desolate. Affection in the one country seems to be centripetal, while with us it is centrifugal. Pride, churlishness, and *hau-tour*, are equally perceptible in our demeanour towards inferiors and domestics, as compared with the frank benignity and condescension which they invariably experience upon the Continent.—"Surely, exclaims some starch personification of cold pride and ignorant prejudice, "surely you would not recommend familiarity with servants." Familiarity, thou most rigid formalist, is a compara-

tive term. My old schoolmaster used often to tell me that there were many degrees of intermediate solidity between a Westphalia ham and a whip-syllabub; so are there between the familiarity that breeds contempt and that which generates an unreserved but respectful attachment. How often have I seen Italians shrug up their shoulders, and utter exclamations of surprise, when an English barouche passed them, with its broad-shouldered owner lolling at his ease inside, while the lady's maid was tanning in the sun, or biding the pelting of the storm in the dickey outside. Their respect for the sex knows not these paltry distinctions of rank; theirs is the genuine gallantry of feeling; ours is the spurious one of manners and externals. Proofs crowd upon me: but I have occupied enough of your pages, and I feel that I have established my assertion. I have weighed thee, John Bull, in the scale of nations; I have tried thee by a foreign test, and of pride and unsociableness thou art finally convicted.

VARIETIES.

FRANCE.

Count de Bournon's Mineralogy states, that during the years 1786, 7, and 8, they were occupied near Aix in Provence, in France, in quarrying stone for rebuilding, upon a vast scale, the Palace of Justice. The stone was a limestone of a deep gray, and of that kind which is tender when it comes out of the quarry, but hardens by exposure to the air. The strata were separated from one another by a bed of sand mixed with clay, more or less calcareous. The first which were wrought presented no appearance of any foreign bodies; but, after the workmen had removed the first ten beds, they were astonished, on taking away the eleventh, to find its inferior surface, at the depth of forty or fifty feet, covered with shells. The stone of this bed having been removed, as they were taking away a stratum of argillaceous sand, which separated the eleventh bed from the twelfth, they found stumps of columns and fragments of stones half wrought, the stone being exactly similar to that of the quarry. They found moreover coins, handles of hammers, and other tools, or fragments of tools, in wood. But what principally com-

manded their attention, was a board about one inch thick and seven or eight feet long; it was broken into many pieces, of which none were missing, and it was possible to join them again one to another, and to restore to the board or plate its original form, which was that of the boards of the same kind used by the masons and quarry men; it was worn in the same manner, rounded and waving upon the edges. The stones which were completely or partly wrought, had not at all changed in their nature, but the fragments of the board, and the instruments, and the pieces of instruments of wood, had been changed into agates, which were very fine and agreeably coloured. Here then (observes Count B.) we have traces of a work executed by the hand of man, placed at the depth of fifty feet, and covered with eleven beds of compact limestone—every thing tending to prove that this work had been executed upon the spot where the traces existed. The presence of man had then preceded the formation of this stone, and that very considerably, since he had already arrived at such a degree of civilization that the arts were known to him, and that he wrought stone and formed colums out of it.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Cuvier presented to the Society the head of Des Cartes, which M. Berzelius had forwarded from Sweden. He read the history of the head, and the details which proved its authenticity. M. Cuvier also produced a picture of Des Cartes, and remarked that the bony parts seemed of the same character as those in the head sent by M. Berzelius, which gave strength to the idea that it was the genuine head of that great philosopher. The academy deferred its decision on the means of preserving it as a precious relic.

Intelligence has arrived relative to M. Dreux, architect of Paris, now in the Levant. In September last he was at Athens, returned from his excursions in the different parts of Greece and on the coast of Asia Minor. He has discovered and measured a great number of monuments hitherto unknown, or but slightly examined; among others, several ancient theatres in better preservation than any edifice of the kind in Italy. He has constructed plans and pano-

ramic views that will give a just idea of their situation and the surrounding districts.

The Lancastrian system makes a rapid progress in France; in the department of the Moselle there are, of an age to go to school, 27,507 boys, and 24,593 girls; of these 23,916 boys, and 21,040 girls, attend the schools.

The printing presses of Paris are at this time in great activity: many great and expensive series are in course of publication, and many original works are announced. The sale of books is favourable to these extensive speculations. Among the number of works thus in progress are:—

A pocket edition of the English Poets, in sixty volumes, to be edited by Sir JOHN BYERLEY

A pocket edition of the Latin Classics in sixty two volumes.

An edition of Oriental works, in Sanscrit, Persian, Arabic, &c. engraved in the lithographic manner.

The Natural History of Mammiferous Animals, by MM. St. HILAIRE and CUVIER.

The Anatomy of Man, by MM. BEELARD and CLOQUET, with 240 engravings in lithography, by COUNT LASTÈTRIE, whose lithographic performances are the wonder of all Europe.

Reports of the Speeches and Opinions delivered in the Public Assemblies of France between 1789 and 1815, in 21 volumes; forming a body of political opinions and senatorial eloquence without parallel.

Most of the books of education, on the English interrogative system, have been printed or are translating with all expedition in France for the use of the public and other schools.

GENERAL JOUBERT is printing an account of his travels and sufferings in Persia, which have a general interest, for the variety of their information; and a special interest in England, owing to the disgraceful policy of which he was the victim.

ITALY.

Canova has just finished a masterpiece on the subject of Theseus slaying a Centaur.

GERMANY.

M. Gau, the architect, a native of Cologne, has just entered into an engagement with Cotta, the bookseller, at Stutgard, for the publication of his Travels in Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine. The drawings repre-

sent ancient monuments altogether unknown till now. This is the first tour of the kind undertaken by a German, and the result will add greatly to the honour of the country, and of those concerned in this publication.

From the great influx of manufactured stuffs, and the considerable stock on hand, the prices of Manchester, Glasgow, and other goods, at the LAST EASTER LEIPSIC FAIR, taken in the aggregate, have fallen from 0 to 20 per cent. and the introduction of the recent improvements in machinery throughout Germany, &c. affords proof that the British manufactories will soon meet with powerful rivals, particularly with regard to calicoes; as the Mülhausen goods, both in body and colour, have a decided preference.

In literature much business has been done, and notwithstanding the restrictions laid by the Congress on the liberty of the press, the general complaint of there being little demand for books, owing to the general depression on the minds of the people, from the circumstances which always succeed a long war, we learn by the Leipsic half-yearly Universal Catalogue, that 393 German booksellers have delivered no less than 3,322 new articles. This far exceeds the publication of former years, a sign that human learning, in spite of various hindrances, stands higher and higher in the scale of perfection, and reflects great honour on the author, publisher, printer, and engraver, whose industry must produce the happiest effects on the public mind in the civilized parts of the world.—Among these publications are:—

704 Pedagogical Books of instruction; 172 Childs', Juvenile, and School Books; 11 Introductions to Writing, and Specimen of Penmanship; 204 Philological and Universal Grammar; 21 Antiquities; 35 on Perfection in the German Language; 350 on Learning Modern Languages; 42 on Arithmetic; 32 on Mathematics; 7 on Astronomy; 136 on Geography and Statistics; 73 Charts; 10 Atlases; 8 on Universal History of Nature; 235 on Medicine and Surgery for Men and Animals.—From the Muses, 74 Poems; single and collections; with 58 Plays to cheer the mind and heart; 252 Miscellaneous Works, to employ

and misemploy the times, among which are 157 Romances and Novels; 18 of Play and Gaming Treatises, for small and great children; 255 on Theology, Religious Instruction, Dogmatic, Catholic, and Israelitish, for the cultivation of the mind and heart, and to give us a more perfect idea of the invisible power and wisdom of God; with 45 on the Art and Science of destructive War. The number of Works of Pulpit Eloquence appear to be on the decline.

Translations of Gifford's Abridgement of Blackstone, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, the Cavalier, and Fotheringay Castle, are publishing at Leipsic, &c.

EGYPT.

In some recent excavations, by the Arabs, at Thebes, a tomb was opened, wherein were ten or twelve cases of mummies, three of which had Greek inscriptions by the side of hieroglyphics!

The annexed is a translation of one of them:—*Tomb of Typhon, son of Heracilius Soter and of Serapis. He was born on the second day of Arthur, in the 5th year of our Lord Adrian: He died on the 20th of the month Mecheir, in the 11th year of the same Lord, at the age of six years, two months, and twenty days. He was buried on the 12th of Arthur in the 12th year of Adrian.*

This inscription must have lasted 1631 years, Adrian having commenced his reign in the year 117 of the Christian Era.

M. Caillaud has moreover found in the catacombs of Thebes, a number of different objects that shed a new light on the manners and customs of the Egyptians, such as furniture, apparel for the legs and feet, ornaments for the toilet, and even ancient bread in good preservation.

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